

K-the-i

"Sabbath Faster (Feat. Busdriver)"

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Any level we're sure to make it
Plenty devils left my brain waves vacant
Take your time
Make your mind
I couldn't find a better replacement
Rather corrupted the intellect
Finally noticed you have no respect
What did you expect?
Not to neglect
The rhythm hasn't got there yet
But I bet since reducing gravity
We distorted those fighter jets
Minor threats
Look at the architect through the eyes of prophet
before I forget
Next next crossover moves
More more less confused
Truly amazed and amused
Which way to go
Now choose
Gotta get it going going gone
Reversed now sing this song
Killer thriller Micheal Jackson move
Lionel Richie Dancing On The Ceiling all night long

I got vices older than dead foreskin
Ice sculptures of sex organs
Oxygen rich blood
But my sticky love is joy divisible by

(Busdriver)
Behold the LA gym membership epidural
Peppermint swirl on this letter-dip mural
"Are you an actor?"
Well I usually get paid to die
And to inflame the naked eye
In-demand aphid pie against the painted sky
Yes me and K-The-I???
The label scoutsÂ' killjoys
Staple mouth with kite-flyers etiquette and a quill poise
"Looking for still love"
Not roving peril

And candelabras with smoking barrels
Iâ€™m poking airholes in the breaded crust and
sweetened coating
You're under the impression that my mind's dipped in
codeine
Because it's choppy and screwy and vampirical
My body is woozy
My glands are spherical
"But it's all good
Iâ€™m happy as shit
Sucking on this here battery tit"
They will beautify the pork plumbing with their boob
jobs
Turning the cheap whores and Igors to Jude Laws
My contentment is not under these glued gauze
But under your oohs and ahs

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